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04x06 - Death in the Family

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04x06 - Death in the Family

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **06/04/04 07:38**

[The opening scene is a party at Kinnetic. Brian is back in his natural position - King of the World. He's got enough ready cash to give Lindsay a check to reimburse the citizens of Liberty Avenue for their handout - er, donation.]

Charlie: That new campaign you're creat is awesome.

Brian: Thanks, Charlie.

Lindsay: Are these the people who made you rich? [she hugs him.]

Brian: Yeah, god loves me. And here is your cheque.

Lindsay: Brian!

Brian: The Concerned Citizens For the Truth thanks the Liberty Avenue for their support and help.

Lindsay: Brian, these were a gift. We're say thank you.

Brian: I know, but it's my turn. Besides, you know me. I only spend it on booze, debauchery and the Armani spring collection.

Lindsay: Well, in this case.

[Cut to another table. Mel discuss something with Ted.]

Mel: Case closed. Jeanette and Anne had their son back and it was a fair decission from the judge.

Ted: Congratulations, Mel.

Mel: I owe it all to you.

Ted: Me?

Mel: You remined me to have the courage to change the things I can and wisdom to accept thing I can't.

Ted: [looks to Emmett] Yeah, I still working on that myself.

[Lonely, self-pitying Emmett has moved in with lonely, self-pitying Debbie.]

Emmett: Live alone is to f*cking lonely.

Debbie: To lonely f*cking, right Em?

Emmett: [to Justin] Now she's livin in sin.

Debbie: I rather cross the hall from it.

Justin: Make sure that the toilette seats down. Deb gets a little touchie.

Debbie: Especially two o'clock in the morning. I'm almost fall in.

[cut to Vic, Michael and Ben.]

Vic: The ingratitude from the publisher - rejecting your second rework.

Ben: Well, what comes to bottom line is that the things are loyality.

Michael: You'll find another publisher.

[Vic starres to Debbie. And Debbie starres to Vic. Brian clinks on a glass. It's speech time!]

Lindsay: Attention, everyone!

Justin: (whispers to Ted) He's gonna give a speech.

[Brian gets up on the podium. Lindsay is up there, too.]

Brian: I'd like to thank everyone. My clients, my employees (he pulls Cynthia onto the podium), my friends (he extends a hand to Justin, who steps up too) - for being here tonight to help launch Kinnetic. [cheering] It hasn't been easy. They say that the market is shrinking. They say that it's the wrong time to start a new agency. Well, I say - don't believe a f*ck' word. Especially in advertising!

[Everybody laughs and applauds. Brian kisses Justin.]

Guy: That guy's got ba*ls!

Debbie: You don't know the half of 'em!

[Brian opens a bottle of champagne which sprays all over the place. Wild cheers and shouts.]

[The next day. It looks as though Vic would like to kiss and make up with Debbie, but when he and Rodney show up at the diner she refuses to wait on them.]

Vic: Sis.

[She rushes away.]

Vic: Sis!

[She rushes away again.]

Vic: Waitress!

Debbie: Sharone, you've table number five. I'm busy.

Sharone: Sure Deb. What can I get you?

Vic: My f*cking sister.

[Meanwhile, Mikey rushes in with some exciting news for Justin.]

Michael: Justin! Justin, check this out!

Justin: What is it?

Michael: An e-mail and look who it's from.

Justin: Brett Keller. The director?

Michael: Yeah, red man two. "Farmacy cowboys". He says he's a big fan from Rage.

Justin: That's awesome!

Michael: Yeah, especially from the part that says he wants make it into a movie.

Justin: Are you serious? A movie?

[Deb walks by and hear the last sentence.]

Debbie: A movie? Who's makin' a movie?

Michael: Brett Keller (reading from e-mail) would like to float the possibility of making your brilliant comic book into a live action feature.

Debbie: Oh my god! I always said you'd be rich and famous! I can't breathe!

Michael: Ma, sit down.

Justin: Sharone, can you bring some water?

Vic: Are you alright, sis?

Debbie: I'm perfectly fine. You're only need to concern for yourself.

Michael: Brett Keller wants to make some movie about Rage.

Vic: Wow, congratulations, you two. When's the premiere?

Debbie: He's taking his mother. You can ran until the blockbuster.

[A hurt Vic disappears.]

Michael: When do you gonna let up Uncle Vic?

Debbie: I don't want to discuss that about my brother. I'm still waiting on that slice slot!

Michael: Because he didn't invite you to his dinner party?

Debbie: It's not just that. He obviously doesn't want me around him.

Michael: You know that's not true! He has his own life now, that doesn't mean he loves you any less. Remember what you always told me? "Blood is thicker than marinara sauce."

[She looks pained, but quite not as angry.]

[Lindsay and her boss. T Lindsay's boss is looking at some slides. Lindsay is reading an article about a famous New York artist, Sam Auerbach, who's in town to paint a mural on some building.]

Chief: I though we may arrange that landscape according the season. Lindsay?

Lindsay: Sure.

Chief: I think I was thinking of we could arrage the landscapes according the seas.

Lindsay: Sure. Great idea(!)

Chief: Are you reading a house book?

Lindsay: The new Auerback.

Chief: I start it yesterday to pay a peak. Great amazing.

Lindsay: I always love those work. He's always a challencenging. Hey Sidney, what do you think we're doing a exhibit about his work? We can junction with the mirror.

Chief: You're dream come true. Except that it won't work.

Lindsay: I have no harm to asking himself. My house book says "take a chance".

Chief: I suggests that it's time to get out of the stars and get back down to earth. Now, I say we should arrange the landscapes in the seas.

[Justin drops by Kinnetic to tell Brian the good news. Well, at least Cynthia's excited. Brian is just - busy.]

Justin: He wants to make Rage into a movie!

Cynthia: That's fantastic!

Brian: (to Cynthia, handing her paper) Are these rates firm?

Cynthia: As my abs! (To Justin) I bought one of those machines.

Justin: Did you hear what I said?

Brian: He wants to make it into a movie. (To Cynthia) Tell them we'll book the next three issues if they knock off 15%

Justin: Aren't you proud of me? I'm gonna be rich!

Brian: Good. Now you can pay back the thousands I spent on your aborted education.

Justin: Who needs school when you have a pictah deal?

Brian: You'd still have a degree.

Justin: I already have an idea for the first feature. Assuming of course, that there're going to be numerous sequels. JT gets even with his bashers, goes to Hollywood, and becomes a stah!

Brian: (deadpan and sarcastic) Wow, where'd you get that brainstorm?

Justin: How about we go to Babylon later and celebrate?

Brian: Sorry, it's a school night. (Justin turns to go, disappointed.) Cynthia, when is the deadline on that run?

Cynthia: Noon tomorrow.

Brian: Hey, Spielberg!

[Justin turns around.]

Brian: One drink.

[Justin leaves, c*ck strut back in place, swinging his jacket.]

[Emmett is painting Deb's front door red. Deb brings him hot chocolate with marshmallows.]

Debbie: Here you go, honey. I put some marshmallows on top.

Emmett: I love marshmallows. I always though of angel ba*ls.

Debbie: It's good you have them. [looking at the door] Wow, this is one f*cking red door.

Emmett: It's not f*cking red, it's mangora.

[Ted drops by.]

Debbie: Hey, Teddy.

Ted: Hey Deb.

Debbie: Honey, can I give you some hot chocolate?

Ted: Uh, no. I'm not staying.

Debbie: Well, if you change your mind I got a first fresh bag of angel's ba*ls.

[Debbie goes inside, leaving Ted and Emmett alone.]

Emmett: Well, aren't you gonna make some caustic remark?

Ted: About what?

Emmett: My moving in with Deb. Now Emmett's got his own personal f*g hag!

Ted: It's a great idea. Living alone would've driven you nuts, and I'm sure Deb enjoys having a new roomie, so I'd say all in all it's an ideal arrangement.

Emmett: Almost as perfect as your working for Brian.

Ted: I told him he's betting on a loser, but it won't be the first time a long shot came from behind, I guess.

Emmett: We'll call you Seabiscuit.

Ted: As part of my recovery, I'm trying to make amends for my behavior, so I've written letters apologizing to everyone. Michael, Ben, Brian, Mel and Lindz...you.

Emmett: Last as always.

Ted: Dammit, Emmett, you know you're not last. Or least.

Emmett: It's very admirable, Ted, admitting your mistakes. Did everyone forgive you?

Ted: So far.

Emmett: Must make you feel better.

Ted: I can't tell you how relieved I am.

Emmett: Good for you. But what's reading this letter gonna do for me? Hmm? Will it take away all the damage that's been done? All the pain that's been inflicted? Will it make up for me feeling inadequate and helpless? Or erase all those memories of you descending into your addiction while you tried to drag me down with you? Sorry, Teddy, you'll just have to get your feel-good fix from someone else.

[He hands the envelope back to Ted and goes back to painting the door. Ted looks crushed.]

[At the Bruckner-Novotny household, Ben is revising his book, rewriting the boring parts - in other words, the whole damn thing. Michael and Hunter are watching a Brett Keller action movie.]

Michael: First I pay off my mom's house. And then I'll buy a house for us. Then I buy a car.

Hunter: A Porsche Carrera.

Michael: It's only to obvious.

Hunter: Don't worry, right Ben?

Ben: Right, pal. I don't know which fantasy's crazier, the one you're watching or the one you're telling.

Michael: Why's it so crazy?

Ben: Just because he says he wants to make it into a movie doesn't mean it will ever see the light of day.

Michael: I don't see why not.

Ben: Those guys talk big but see if they deliver.

Hunter: Who's gonna play Rage?

Michael: Tom Cruise. Brad Pitt.

Hunter: Those geezers? You gotta get Ashton Kutcher.

Michael: Where you going?

Ben: Some of us non-Hollywood types have a faculty meeting in the morning.

Michael: Stay and watch for a few minutes. (Seductively) I'll sit on your lap.

[Lindsay seeks out Famous Artist and World-Class Jerk Sam Auerbach, who is perched high atop some scaffolding in the lobby of an office building, working on his mural and yelling for bagels.]

Lindsay: Excuse me, I'm looking for Mr.Auerbach.

Sam: You call this a bagel?!

Clerk: His mighty presents is everywhere.

Sam: A lot wouldn't be cut on this! [he's threwing the bagels]

Clerk: Sorry, Sam. [to Lindz] If I were you, I would run as fast as I can.

Sam: Is someone who buy me a real bagel?

Clerk: On the way, Sam.

Lindsay: Mr.Auerbach?

Sam: Who are you?

Lindsay: My name is Lindsay Petersen. Mr.Auerbach, I'm a tremendious fan or your work. I think you're a brilliant painter.

Sam: I know, I know. If you excuse me for a moment. I got a pie as a son of a b*tch.

Lindsay: I'll speak quickly.

Sam: I try to hold it.

Lindsay: Thank you. I'm from the Blume galery. We're hoping you might interesting to show of your

recent work. Perhaps a new drawings from you? I feel the personal tough is always the best.

Sam: Corinna, honey. Could you please take these brushes up there for me?

Corinna: Sure.

[He smacks her on the a*s.]

Sam: Now that's what I call the personal touch.

[Cut to Ted and Blake leaving a 12-step meeting at the rehab.]

Ted: When I listen Mona one more time how she misses her pill, I shove her mouth and throw about myself.

Blake: There is a lesson in everybody's story.

Ted: Today were a bored audience.

Blake: Just keep coming.

Ted: I know, I know.

Blake: Just one more steps and it works out.

Ted: Here, this is where my steps are leading me. [he took his letter for Emmett out]

Blake: Sobriety, wholeness.

Ted: I don't mean that. Look, if what Emmett says is true and the only reason I'm writing these is so everybody can forgive me and I can feel good about myself, then it's really no different from the way I was using them before. In which case he was right not to accept it.

Blake: Look, I know it's upsetting. The person you wanted most to hear you refused to listen. But you can't be responsible for his reaction.

Ted: Spare me the AA bullshit, would ya?

Blake: You offered him your truth.

Ted: Yeah. (Sarcastically) My truth.

Blake: And that's all that matters.

Ted: Well, if that's all that matters, how come you've never offered me your truth?

[Blake has no answer for that. He needs to start practicing what he preaches.]

Ted: You know, I'll skip the after-meeting coffee. I'll see you later.

[He walks off, leaving Blake standing there and the letter to Emmett lying on the sidewalk.]

[Debbie finally decides to forgive Vic for daring to get a life. She goes to see him and they make up. They hug.]

Vic: Sis, I'm so glad you're here.

Debbie: I guess I'll little over-reacted the other night but you know me...

Vic: Queen of the drama queens. So, how about a piece of kuglhopf? I just bake it.

Debbie: It's what I miss. You're kuglhopf.

Vic: I baked an extra one - for you. I'm sorry for this, sis. You know that's the last thing I ever wannted to do.

Debbie: I know that, honey.

Vic: Sister, I entitled my own life.

Debbie: I said you weren't!

Vic: Especially after all it took for me to get it.

Debbie: You and me both!

Vic: So let's be happy that we each finally have our own lives.

Debbie: Well, you certainly do. A sweet little apartment and a boyfriend-

Vic: Life partner.

Debbie: Life partner.

Vic: It's a miracle.

Debbie: Of course, it takes a miracle worker to make a miracle happen. And I'm not just talking about the good Lord above.

Vic: I know, Sis, I know. How about a piece of kugelhoff?

Debbie: I'm talking sheer will and hard work and sacrifices. Lots of sacrifices. You know, like nursing you myself when your health insurance ran out. Cleaning up your vomit and wiping your a*s.

Vic: Jesus Christ, if I have to hear about you wiping my a*s one more time -

Debbie: Well, if I had to do it, you could f*ck' hear about it! I mean, who else would have done it if it wasn't for me? If I didn't take you in, where would you have gone? What would have happened to you?

[Vic is becoming more and more annoyed.]

Debbie: I think we both know the answer to that, so I'm just saying. Don't forget who put their life on hold so that you one day could live yours.

Vic: I'll never forget and I'll always be grateful. But I never asked or expected you to sacrifice your life.

Debbie: Well, how else was it gonna happen? By magic? I'd be damned if I was gonna let that disease get you, not as long as I had one ounce of strength left. Why else do you think I did it?

Vic: I thought you did it for me, Mama.

Debbie: What the hell is that supposed to mean? You think I did it for me?

Vic: It gave you a sense of purpose, a way to feel good about yourself.

Debbie: You f*cking little ingrate!

Vic: Look, this is my house. You don't talk to me that way!

Debbie: Your house! Aren't you suddenly high and mighty! I'm not even surprised. You took what you needed and the first chance you got, it was, "So long, sucker!"

Vic: That's not true!

Debbie: The hell it isn't! You used me!

Vic: And you used me. I think you'd better leave.

Debbie: Don't even bother asking, cause you know what? I'm already gone!

Vic: Good. Don't bother coming back until you say you're sorry.

Debbie: And don't you worry because I'm never coming back. I don't give a sh*t if I ever see you again. [She turns to leave, then turns around for a parting shot] Oh, excuse me! You want an apology? Here's my apology: f*ck you, little brother. f*ck. YOU.

[She stomps off. Vic looks like he's about to cry.]

[Under blue lights at Babylon, Brian and Justin look a little bored and more than a little drunk. Brian kicks Justin's foot to get his attention.]

Brian: You know the problem with our extracurricular one-f*ck only policy?

Justin: Is that after awhile you start asking yourself, 'Am I doing this because I want to do it or am I doing it because I need to do it? And if I need to do it, is it to prove to myself that I'm still young and attractive? Or cause I think I'm unworthy of being loved?'

Brian: Or maybe it's because I've already had every f*ck guy in this city.

[The camera pans to a guy who looks like nothing special at all. But he's unfucked by Brian and that's all that matters here.]

Justin: What about him?

Brian: Ah! The scent of fresh meat! The thrill of the k*ll.

Justin: Too bad, Simba! It's me he's checking out.

Brian: In your dreams!

Justin: You wanna bet?

Brian: What're the stakes?

Justin: If I win, you take me on an all-expense paid trip to Ibiza.

Brian: (laughs) It's pronounced I-bi-tha. And it's a long way to go for a bath house with sand.

Justin: And if you win?

Brian: If I win (laughs) - you go back to school.

Justin: No f*ck' way!

Brian: (shrugs) Your call.

[He starts to get up, but Justin pulls him back.]

Justin: Wait, wait! OK. You're on. Cause I know he was checking me out.

[They look around. The guy has disappeared.]

Justin: sh*t. He's gone.

Brian: He who hesitates doesn't get laid!

[They chug their drinks.]

[Lindz and Mel getting ready for bed.]

Lindsay: The man is a pig. An absolut pig.

Mel: You know what they said about heros.

Lindsay: Who every said I've must admit him? I wasn't a d*ke and darving on the nearest loft.

Mel: And it's right here, baby.

Lindsay: You say I'm attractive, wouldn't you?

Mel: I have to sh*t my eyes everytime you walk into the room.

Lindsay: He look like through me, if I doesn't visible. You should have seen his trapped assistant.

Mel: Is that where you were wearing?

Lindsay: Did you ever had an disco Barbie?

Mel: Yes, I had. An doctor and it was an straight men's idea.

Lindsay: That's what she was wearing.

Mel: See, that's your answer.

Lindsay: You expected me to walk around and spend an extra dish town on a couple of posters?

Mel: I gave you the same advice you gave me on the Irlond and Irlond case. It isn't right, it isn't fair. It just is.

Lindsay: I should my big mouth shut.

Mel: Look, he's a man, you're a woman. g*y, straight, it doesn't matter. We all have our powers of persuasion. If you want something out of him, you've gotta play his game. Cause he sure as hell isn't gonna play yours.

[At the comic store, Justin impatiently checks his e-mail.]

Justin: sh*t.

Ben: Problem?

Justin: I just waiting for an answer of his e-mail. Michael and I wrote Keller back and told them we're interested in his offer.

Ben: I'm sure big-time directors have hundreds of calls and e-mails to answer. He'll get back to you when he can. That is, if he's still interested.

Justin: Why wouldn't he be?

Ben: You know how it is out in Hollywood. They're hot on something one minute and cold on it the next.

Justin: I'm sure he meant it.

Ben: I'm sure you're right. What if he turns it into a piece of sh*t?

Justin: We won't let him!

Ben: Once you sell it, he can do whatever he wants. Make Rage straight. (To Michael) Ready for lunch?

Justin: (To Michael) We need to get a lawyer.

Michael: For what?

Justin: Keller could turn Rage into a singing warthog and there's nothing we could do about it.

Michael: (to Ben) What have you been telling him?

Ben: To be careful, that's all.

Michael: It's not gonna happen. He told us he loves Rage just the way he is.

Justin: How do we know he's not just saying that?

Michael: Thank you. Thank you very much, Ben! Now if you don't mind, I would appreciate it if you would just butt out!

Ben: Be happy to.

[He leaves.]

[Emmett's potting plants when Blake stops by to drop off Ted's letter.]

Blake: It looks nice.

Emmett: Well, fairy have a special gift to remain everything. No matter how calm and transforming and it's something magical.

Blake: I think this is yours. [he shows Ted's letter]

Emmett: I always send that to the sender.

Blake: I know that from the deadline of foul.

Emmett: Well, I already told Teddy that I think it's great that he's doing the steps and writing those letters, but it's about him, not me.

Blake: That's where you're wrong. It's about you helping him and yourself to move on.

Emmett: I have moved on, thanks! And so has Ted, without any help or forgiveness from me.

Blake: He's not asking for your forgiveness. He's asking you to acknowledge his pain for having hurt you. After that it's up to him to forgive himself.

[He leaves the letter on the fence and walks off.]

[At the gym, a guy slips Justin his number. Justin pockets it and strolls over to Brian who's working out half-heartedly on one of the weight machines.]

Justin: That's the eighth one so far today! If I'd have known what a fleshpot this was, I would have signed up years ago. Not that I need it. I have the perfect twink physique.

[Suddenly Brian spots Fresh Meat from the other night and he's off in hot pursuit.]

Brian: Why wouldn't you brush your teeth?

[Justin, busy with his own potential trick, looks up and sees what's going on.]

Brian: Did you just start it?

Guy: Yeah, I'm new in town.

Brian: So long for Pittsburgh. My name is Brian.

Guy: Shane.

Brian: It's nice to see you, Shane.

[Justin immediately whispers something in the ear of the guy he's been talking to, who then walks over and whispers something to Fresh Meat. It works like a charm.]

Shane: It was nice talking to you. I got to go.

[Needless to say, Brian is not used to rejection, so he's a bit mystified. Then he sees Justin's smirk.]

Justin: The one that got away, huh?

Brian: And I was halfway up his a*s.

Justin: He must have heard that nasty rumor. You know, the one about you having crabs?

Brian: I wonder how that happened?

Justin: Pack the sunscreen, we're going to Ibiza.

Brian: I wouldn't ditch my textbooks yet!

[Lindz goes back to see Auerbach. This time she brings him a bagel and dresses like a sl*t.]

Lindsay: Mr.Auerbach?

Auerbach: Yeah?

Lindsay: I wonder if you would eat bagel? Here is a good bagel. Go ahead, try them. You don't scream that loud for them.

Auerbach: Is this from you?

Lindsay: It's from Sally's. It's the best shop in town. By the way, I'm Lindsay Petersen. From the City Galery. We're meet briefly the other day.

Auerbach: That can't be right. Are you coming?

[He st*lks at the ladder. Then he grabs her a*s.]

Lindsay: [looks to the picture] Oh, it's incredible. It's a work of many people importants. I'm sorry, Mr.Auerbach...

Auerbach: Sam.

Lindsay: Sam, I wish you could reconsider so that we trade from your commission.

Sam: Take this brush. Some red, no.9. Nice, even strucks.

Lindsay: I can't believe I'm actually pained on a work from Sam Auerbach.

Sam: Keeps strucking.

[His hands in her a*s, again.]

Lindsay: What are you doin'?

Sam: I told you, keep strucking.

[She turns around and brush some red shade on his face.]

Lindsay: Oh, my god. I'm so sorry. I think you should know, I'm happily married.

Sam: Yeah, who is the lucky guy?

Lindsay: He is not a guy, she is a woman.

Sam: All the better. Call her, we have a three-way.

[She punches him, which makes him lose his balance and he starts to fall backward, off the scaffold. She pulls him back.]

Sam: You must be a d*ke with a right hook like that.

Lindsay: You are the most repellant man I've ever met, even if you are a genius.

[She storms off. Now he's intrigued.]

[Emmett and Michael on the streets. They take all Vic belongs to his place.]

Emmett: This are more thing than I have.

Michael: She would all the things out the house that she remind of him.

[They knook on the door. Nobody's answer.]

Michael: For his sake he doesn't make up.

[Michael lets himself in. He has a key. Vic is sitting in a chair, apparently asleep in front of the TV. Michael and Emmett tiptoe in with the boxes. Michael tries to wake him up - only he doesn't wake up.]

Michael: Uncle Vic?

Emmett: What are we're doin with this?

Michael: Take it there. Uncle Vic, you're movers were here.

Emmett: We have everything from Debbie's kitchen except the thing...

[He didn't react. Emmett looks worried. And so Michael.]

Michael: Uncle Vic? Uncle Vic! Uncle Vic?

[Michael goes to the diner to break the news to Deb. She's busy and grumpy and doesn't want to listen.]

Debbie: Where the hell is the pod pie? Do you k*ll the chicken?

Michael: Ma.

Debbie: I can't talk to you know.

Michael: It's important.

Debbie: You see my hands are full, Sharone is sick and I'm working two stage.

Michael: Please!

Debbie: I'll be right with you.

Michael: Ma, put the g*dd*mn tray down!

Debbie: What is so important that can't wait?

Michael: Come, sit down.

Debbie: I don't have time to sit down. Michael, just tell me.

Michael: It's Uncle Vic.

Debbie: What about him? Did he have a sh*t fit when you showed up with all those pots and pans? I hope so, that son-of-a-b*tch.

Michael: Ma -

Debbie: What?

Michael: Uncle Vic is gone. He passed away.

Debbie: What the hell are you talking about?

Michael: We took the stuff over to him and he was there. In front of the TV. I'm sorry, Ma. I called Rodney, and the paramedics came, but -

[He shakes his head. Deb's in shock. Stunned speechless for once in her life.]

[At Babylon, Justin encounters the elusive quarry, watching TV at the bar.]

Justin: You into football?

Trick: I hate football.

Justin: Then why you watching?

Trick: So some hot guy will come over and ask me if I'm into football.

Justin: I'm Justin.

Shane: Shane.

Justin: I saw you at Babylon the other night.

Shane: Oh?

Justin: Yeah. You were cruising the hell out of me. Then you just disappeared.

Shane: One of those emergencies, couldn't be helped.

Justin: Well, lucky for us, I found you.

Shean: You Pittsburgh guys sure are friendly.

Justin: (laughs) It's a small town with a big heart. You been here long?

Shean: All week. Still living out of boxes.

Justin: Why don't I help you unpack?

Shane: Why don't you? Say, aren't you the guy from the gym?

Brian: Yeah, the one with the bad case of crabs. Fortunately that's cleared up.

Justin: Too late. I won. You can book our flight tomorrow.

Brian: Nobody's going anywhere. The bet's off. (Looks down, clears his throat) Vic's dead.

Justin: That is really low, even for you!

Brian: It's true.
[Cut to Debbie's house. Michael and Emmett hover over Debbie, who is uncharacteristically quiet. Rodney is tearful. Ben is sympathetic and solemn. Even Hunter is subdued.]

Michael: Might if you go upstairs and ly down? Ma?

Emmett: Can I get you anything? Rodney?

Rodney: No thanks.

[Brian and Justin come in. Justin hugs Deb, Brian hugs Michael.]

Brian: (to Ben) What the f*ck happened?

Ben: His heart. The doctor says his cholesterol was sky-high from the meds he was taking.

Michael: No warning, nothing.

Hunter: I thought the meds were supposed to keep you alive, not k*ll you.

Ben: It doesn't always work that way.

Rodney: I thought we'd have more time than this.

Emmett: You guys should have been together a lot longer. It's so tragic.

Brian: Hamlet's tragic. Vic was on his deathbed four years ago. All this - was gravy. He knew that.

Debbie: What did you say?

Brian: Going this way. It could've been a lot worse. If you ask me, he was f*cking lucky.

[Deb hauls off and slaps him across the face.]

Debbie: Nobody f*cking asked you! And who the f*ck are you to decide how long he should have lived?

Brian: The truth hurts. [Still holding his face.]

Debbie: Get this shithead out of my house.

[Brian looks around. Under the circumstances, nobody's going to argue with Deb. He walks out. Justin runs after him.]

Justin: Brian, wait up. She's upset. Tell her you're sorry.

Brian: There's only one problem. I'm not.

[Just then, Mel and Lindz come rushing up.]

Mel: We just heard.

Lindsay: How's Debbie?

Brian: Nothing can keep a good woman down.

Mel: Are you leaving?

Brian: They ran out of ice.

Mel: Brian -

Lindsay: ...did something happen?

Justin: Just go in, we'll be there in a minute.

Brian: Not me!

Justin: Where you going?

Brian: We have a bet, remember?

Justin: I can't believe you're thinking of sex at a time like this.

Brian: A time like this is exactly when you should be thinking about it, while you can.

[He pulls Justin in for a kiss, but Justin breaks free, gives him a look and runs back to Deb's. Brian walks off, rubbing his jaw.]

[Michael is sitting in his old room, reading comics. Ben pokes his head in, a bit tentatively.]

Ben: Here you are.

Michael: Just take a breathing.

Ben: How you holding up?

Michael: I'm not thinking about me right now. I don't think Ma knows what hit her.

Ben: Brian certainly didn't help. Insensitive prick!

Michael: The funny thing is, Vic probably would have agreed with him. When he came back, everybody thought he had a couple of months to live, tops. You should have seen what he looked like.

Ben: Not a pretty picture, I'm sure.

Michael: So whatever time he got WAS a gift. He was a lot luckier than most.

Ben: That may be true, but it wasn't Brian's place to shrug off his death, especially with your mom.

Michael: He shrugs everything off! It's who he is.

Ben: And you defend him. It's who you are.

Michael: Look, I don't need to be told how to respond or what to feel. Certainly not by you, so if that's why you came up here -

Ben: It's not. I came to offer my unconditional love and support. To let you know that if there's anything I can do -

Michael: (snaps) There is! You can put everything else aside. Because right now, I don't give a sh*t about that director - whatever his name is. All I care about is helping my mom get through this. I just hope I can.

[Ted answers a late night knock on the door. It's Blake.]

Blake: Did I wake you?

Ted: Uh, no. No. Come on in. First you should know I never wear this, but tomorrow is laundry days...

Blake. It's okay. You looks stunning.

Ted: So, you're just come from a meeting?

Blake: I did.

Ted: Yeah, it's risky tonight.

Blake: Actually... me. It's my turn to speak and basically what I said was even I now clean for two years and I followed the programms and try to be a good counselor.

Ted: Better than good. The best.

Blake: I still feel the sorryfield.

Ted: It's not true.

Blake: It is true. I felt some propriate amends for a person a long time ago.

Ted: Maybe you're write a letter?

Blake: I already wrote a letter. All I wanna do is that.

[Blake kisses Teddy.]

[Michael, Ben and Hunter are going home.]

Michael: [to Emmett] Maybe I should stay.

Emmett: No, no. Go home with Hunter and Ben. I'll take the rest. I'm here, don't worry.

[They hug each other. When everybody's gone, he goes into her room with a mug of something.]

Emmett: Everybody's gone.

Debbie: Good. I couldn't handle one more hug.

Emmett: I though you wouldn't mind my secret sleep potion?

Debbie: Keep the pill.

Emmett: Sure, but they'll calm you.

Debbie: Calm me? Not the way I'll talked to him. I said I never care about him. My last words to him were "f*ck you!"

Emmett: You two were always fighting.

Debbie: Yeah, we always made up. But not this time.

[Emmett looks a little guilty. No doubt he's thinking about Ted. He leaves and goes to his room. Yep, he's gonna read the letter.]

[Looks like Brian's won the bet. He's getting his d*ck sucked in the back room by Shane.]

Shane: You had a great c*ck.

Brian: Gee, I never heard that before. Thanks.

Shane: There is something I'll talk to you about.

[He hands Brian his card]

Shane: Why you giving me a call?

Brian: I'm sorry, but...

Shane: I'm a doctor.

Brian: You wanna get paid to probe my prostate?

Shane: I just thought you should know, you've got a lump on your left testicle. If I were you, I'd have it checked out. The sooner the better.

[Brian is stunned.]

END OF EPISODE

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